

# The TATLER

Vol. CLXXI. No. 2224

and **BYSTANDER**

London  
February 9, 1944



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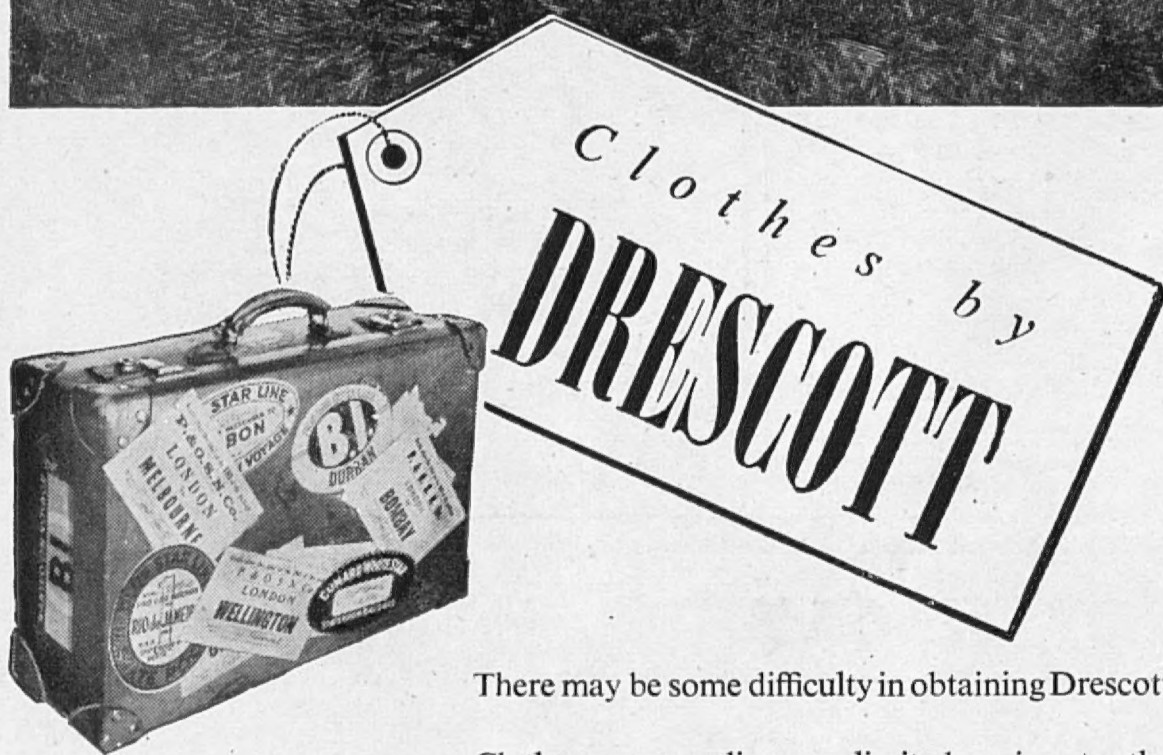
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### The Director of the W.R.N.S. and Her Daughter

Mrs. Vera Laughton Mathews, C.B.E., Director of the Women's Royal Naval Service, has a daughter serving under her in the same service. Miss Elvira Laughton Mathews is eighteen years old, and has been working for some time as a W.R.N.S. clerk in London. Mrs. Laughton Mathews, who has held the post of Director of the W.R.N.S. since April, 1940, is a daughter of the late Sir John Laughton, R.N., the naval historian. She has a long association with the service she now commands, having served in the W.R.N.S. during the last war. She received the C.B.E. in 1942



# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Empire

THE constitutional changes in Russia are no new or sudden inspiration born of the war. Such changes have long been among Marshal Stalin's ambitions. Their development and eventual application in practical form are designed to increase the power and the strength of the Soviet Union. Assuming the success of what must be an experiment, Marshal Stalin will be placed high among the great statesmen of Russia. Here we have Stalin the Empire Builder.



Sir William Strang at Home

Sir William Strang is the British representative on the European Advisory Committee, which was set up after the Moscow Conference. With him here is Lady Strang and his son and daughter at their Northwood home

## Development

EACH of the sixteen Republics of the Soviet Union is to have separate army units, the right to direct diplomatic relations with foreign powers, and independence—presumably only in nominal form—to secede from the Soviet Union at any time. In these changes, which Marshal Stalin is believed to have envisaged quite a number of years ago as a result of his experiences as Commissar for Nationalities, we see a desire to imitate the framework within which the British Empire functions, particularly in regard to external affairs. At international conferences Britain has always had the advantage of the separate voting power of the Dominions. More than once in recent years Soviet spokesmen have been at pains to emphasize this which they regarded as an advantage possessed by Britain. Here we see the answer. So it seems that Viscount Halifax was being topical when at Toronto recently he drew attention to the future organization of the British Empire as a world unit.

## Problem

ONE of the reasons impelling Marshal Stalin towards this degree of autonomy for the Republics of Russia may of course be the fact that he himself is a Georgian. Another more powerful reason may be that as an administrator of considerable capacity he recognizes the virtues of decentralization. Concentration of complete control in the one city of Moscow cannot be conducive to the smooth and easy-going administration in a country as vast as Soviet Russia. So Marshal Stalin seems to have decided that each Republic must do more for itself, always remembering that the final word must rest with Moscow. But one of Marshal Stalin's greatest problems is shortage of manpower of the highest quality. It is no secret that there is a shortage of men in Moscow capable of becoming their country's diplomatic representatives abroad. There is also shortage of administrators for the big departments of State.

All these are questions which Marshal Stalin has managed to overcome so far in the greatest and most successful national effort ever made in Russia's history. So it would be wrong to assume that in the great experiment on which he is now embarking he will not be able to find the men he wants. At the same time, it will be a burden for many countries if Marshal Stalin really insists, for instance, that each of the sixteen Soviet Republics is represented in London and Washington. It would mean that Britain and America would have to find sixteen diplomats to be represented in the various capitals of the Republics.

## Mystery

HITLER's last speech was unlike any other that he has ever made. But this does not mean that it can be disregarded merely because he didn't rant and rave and boast. It may be that it was not his speech at all. A cooler and calmer brain may have been responsible for those exhortations to the people of Germany to face the future with faith and inner certainty.

Probably Hitler realized that it would be futile to promise the people of Germany retaliation against Britain with secret and other weapons as reprisals for the bombing of German cities. He might have argued that if he had delivered a speech of this kind that even the doped people of Germany would not have believed it. Whereas by saying practically nothing he compels them to wait and to wonder and to believe that after all the Fuehrer may have something up his sleeve.

## Record

THE bombing of Berlin has nearly reached the point when it can be said that the capital of Germany has ceased to exist. In January 9,300 tons were dropped on the city in the course of six mammoth raids. This is modern war, which must have compelled the Government to evacuate all the departments of State to some safer centre. But we still hear stories of German people who are loath to leave the city and their homes. They prefer to remain and to suffer. These are the people who helped Hitler to power and believed him when he cried that he wanted peace, supported him when he plunged Europe into war, and praised him when he boasted about the bombing of London and threatened that he would raze it to the ground. When Berlin is no more will the people of Germany feel that they have lost something?



Air Vice-Marshal Thomas Elmhirst, accompanied by his wife and two children, went to the investiture to receive the C.B.E. They are seen above leaving the Palace together



Lt-Col. Alastair Pearson, Army Air Corps, received four awards: the D.S.O. and two bars and the M.C. Second Officer C. Menzies-Anderson went to the Palace with him



Air Vice-Marshal Sir Robert Saundby, Deputy A.O.C.-in-C. Bomber Command, who received a knighthood in the New Year's honours, had Lady Saundby and Norma Lady Clark with him

## The King Holds the First Investiture of 1944 at Buckingham Palace



### The Supreme Command Allied Expeditionary Force Sits in London

General Eisenhower, Supreme Allied Commander, presided at this meeting at his London headquarters. Round the table are Lieutenant-General Omar N. Bradley, Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay, Air Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, General Eisenhower, General Sir Bernard Montgomery, Air Chief Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory and Lieutenant-General Walter Bedell Smith

### Neutrality

SPAIN's position provides one of the most interesting causes for speculation. She has taken every advantage of her supposed neutrality. The Germans and their underground agents have been allowed every latitude while every hindrance has been put in the way of the interests of Britain and the United States. But if it is true that German aircraft have been operating from the Spanish mainland there is no reason for any doubts about what should be the attitude of the British and American Governments. The reports are fairly circumstantial, and should they be proved true, General Franco will have to do some quick thinking. The Germans cannot help him, but even if they could, the Spanish people want peace and not war. General Franco's personal position depends on how successfully he can keep the peace.

### Warning

THE action of the American Government in suspending the shipments of oil to Spain during February was a salutary warning to General Franco. It was a shot right across his bows. The American Government had decided on this course before Sir Samuel Hoare, the British Ambassador in Madrid, was able to see General Franco. So the Ambassador's hand was somewhat reinforced. It cannot have been necessary for Sir Samuel to beat about

the bush. Here was an example of the dreadful power of the economic weapon, when it is backed by increasing military power, the prospects of complete victory, and undivided determination.

### Anxiety

THE plain facts of Japan's treatment of white prisoners of war have had to be told. They make a sickening story, and both the Governments of Britain and the United States must have thought deeply before deciding to publish them. Publication was finally decided upon in the forlorn hope that the horror of world reaction might have some slight influence on the Japanese Government. I doubt whether it will have any influence whatsoever. The Japanese are in a nasty mood. The period of easy victories produced by cunning and surprise is over. They now know that they are fighting for their very existence and therefore nothing else matters. They will fight hard and, like Hitler, they will battle on in the hope that they can win some advantage from the possibility of eventual war weariness. But after the publication of the facts of their atrocious deeds there can be nothing but war to the bitter end. We owe this to the relatives of those who suffer anxiously month after month. More than that great debt, we owe allegiance to the white man's conceptions of future civilization.

### Campaign

WRITING in advance of the result of the Brighton by-election, it is only possible to say that Mr. Churchill did his utmost to lighten the campaign. He is no inexperienced campaigner, and when he accused the Independent candidate of perpetrating "an attempted swindle" on the electors of Brighton and Hove he no doubt knew what was likely to happen. It did happen. The electors of Brighton and Hove got angry and in such circumstances local feeling tends to support the local champion. So Mr. Churchill had to write a second letter to Flight-Lieutenant William Teeling explaining in perfect prose the meaning of the first letter.

This second letter was more powerful than the first and it must be admitted that Mr. Churchill made his point. He is not opposed to Independent candidates—he has been one himself in his career—but by trying to defeat a National Government candidate and to bring the Coalition "into weakness and discredit" is another matter. No Independent "has the right whatever to call himself a supporter of mine and pretend he is coming as a friend and helper," said Mr. Churchill. But all this need not have happened. By all the laws of electoral chance which must take into account the apathy of voters, Flight-Lieutenant Teeling was always assured of a comfortable majority.



Brigadier Durnford-Slater held his small daughter by the hand on leaving the Palace. Mrs. Durnford-Slater also accompanied him to the investiture, when he received a bar to the D.S.O.



Lt.-Cdr. George Goodman, R.N.V.R., received the George Cross and the M.B.E. for great gallantry and undaunted devotion to duty. With him in the picture is his wife



Major-General R. E. Urquhart, who fought through the whole of the Middle East campaign, was awarded the D.S.O. and bar for meritorious service in Sicily. His wife saw him receive his award

### Some of Those Who Received Awards at Buckingham Palace

# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

I Turn Highbrow

By James Agate

I HAVE become a convert. Or rather, I have converted myself. Time was when I held that the proper business of the film was to provide puerilities for the puerile, that the greater the nonsense the more the cinema was fulfilling its unique function. And now I have been paid in my own coin. I have seen a picture so abjectly, excruciatingly silly that henceforward I renounce and abjure the infantile theory. Meekly I swear to take my cinematic vows as a humble brother of the Order of Orson Welles.

LISTEN now to the plain unvarnished tale of the film that brought about this momentous decision. This production of George Waggner—the extra “g” and what worlds away, as Browning so nearly said—this highly elaborated, super-varnished masterpiece of imbecility was entitled *Phantom of the Opera* (Odeon). To begin with, the plot was based on the assumption that orchestral players fall in love with opera-singers. Which, of course, is something out of nature. I once had a friend who was a very talented amateur violinist. Turning professional, he obtained a job in the orchestra at a famous opera house, and at his first performance heard to his astonishment some world-renowned prima donna prolong her death-scene with interminable roulades and cadenzas, thereby plunging the audience into unimaginable ecstasies. But not so the player who

shared my friend's desk. His brow grew darker and darker, and finally he was heard to murmur: “Doesn't the ——— know the pubs shut at eleven?”

Perhaps this film's fiddler was not of the drinking persuasion. Or perhaps it may be urged in Eriquer Claudin's favour that he was in love, not with la Biancarolli, the star of the Paris Opera, but with Christine Dubois, a member of the chorus and the star's understudy. Indeed Claudin was so much enamoured that he spent all his money paying for singing lessons for Christine, who apparently thought she was being coached by the great Signor Ferretti *pour ses beaux yeux*, or the shape of her glottis or something. But then Claudin was an extraordinary fellow altogether, since when he took up composing he employed the piano concerto as a medium for expression, a thing by no means usual with violinists. Owing to some obscure malady Eriquer then lost the use of his left hand, whereby he was dismissed from the Opera with a free pass for a pension! The landlady clamouring for money and the singing master making the same soulless request, Claudin conceived the notion of selling, not his piano, but his piano concerto to Pleyel the music publisher, who promptly proceeded to lose the manuscript! Or so he told Claudin who, hearing his principal theme being played in an adjoining room, not unnaturally supposed that Pleyel had pirated the

piece in some anachronistic Tin Pan Alley manner. At this point I pause to enable the printer to replenish his stock of exclamation marks. Are we ready? Very well, then. The strumming pianist was none other than the Abbé Liszt!!!!!! Whereupon Claudin throttled Pleyel—a detail not mentioned in Grove—and received in his face the contents of a dish of sulphuric acid which Pleyel's mistress was conveniently carrying. Screaming with pain, the ex-violinist burst out into the miraculously empty street and in spite of being blinded located a manhole in the pavement outside the Opera, took off the lid, and lowered himself into the catacombs beneath Charles Garnier's masterpiece.

IN the meantime the oddest things had been happening above stairs. We had heard an opera entitled *Amour et Gloire* made apparently out of Chopin's A major Polonaise, C sharp minor Valse and E flat Nocturne, and the setting of which was obviously borrowed from *Rigoletto*. Now Claudin got to work. Wearing a mask, he drugged the star so that Christine could deputize in a new opera about a masked ball, the music of which, to our untutored ear, seemed to consist entirely of Tchaikowsky's Fourth Symphony. The enraged prima donna agreeing to overlook the incident of the drugging (from which she miraculously recovered in less than the span of an aria) and promising to appear as usual on the following evening, she became, as Lorelei would say, murdered. But the tale of absurdity grows tedious. Let me come to the dénouement. Transferring himself from the catacombs to the opera house ceiling, Claudin, incensed because some other understudy had been preferred to Christine, severed the chain of the grand chandelier, causing it to fall among the crowded stalls, but apparently without doing any harm to anybody. Suspecting Claudin, the police had the admirable notion that the performance of his Concerto might entice the violinist to show himself, as cats may be lured by a saucer of milk. Let the Abbé Liszt come forward. Which that venerable figure did, to a house whence all had fled except, of course, the orchestra. Down below in the catacombs Claudin heard the opening chords of his Concerto. . . . Then somebody fired a shot and the masonry fell in, killing Claudin but doing no harm to Christine.

THE reader will agree that the foregoing events were, shall I say, bogglesome? But there was one thing which perplexed me utterly, and which I am still unable to understand. This is: Where was Jeannette MacDonald? How she would have loved giving her famous coloratura performance suspended from the flies, hanging on to the drop curtain, taking headers into the sewers which apparently pursue through the catacombs the muddy tenour of their way. Her substitutes, Jane Farrar and Susanna Foster, do very well, but I miss my Jeannette. As for the preposterous Claudin, I can only suppose that Claude Rains, a genuine and sincere artist, must have had some secret reason for lending his support to anything so completely idiotic. Nelson Eddy? He is around and about.

AND that, as far as I am concerned, is the end of the popular film for me. Henceforth let there be highbrowism at its direst. Let me mistake sledges for tea-trays. Steep me in dull sagas shrouded in so much gloom that one cannot tell Mr. Rochester from Citizen Kane. Henceforth I propose to fill this column with essays of such intellectuality that our lady critics, putting their pretty heads together, will not have the vaguest notion what I am talking about. This is my present intention. Whether I change my mind remains to be seen.



Bebe and Ben Discuss the Script of a New B.B.C. Programme

Bebe Daniels will soon be heard on the air in a new programme “On Leave.” This time she will be without husband Ben Lyon, who shortly after this photograph was taken at their Southwick Street home left this country for service overseas with the United States Army Air Force. Ben is now a lieutenant-colonel and has been given an important mission to fulfil. While he is away Bebe will continue to appear in “Panama Hattie” in which she has had a great personal success at the Piccadilly Theatre

# Luiſe Rainer Come-back

"Hostages" Is A Film Of The Czech Underground Movement



Following the death of a Nazi lieutenant, twenty-six hostages are thrown into prison. Among them is Janoshik (William Bendix), a seemingly half-wit lookroom attendant who is questioned by the German Commissioner Rheinhardt (Paul Lukas)

*Hostages* is based on Stefan Heym's novel of life under the Nazi overlords in Czechoslovakia. The film will be shown for the first time in this country at the Plaza Theatre on Friday next. It will have added interest because it brings Luiſe Rainer back to the screen after her very long absence, and also because it gives Katina Paxinou, the celebrated Greek actress, her second screen part. Her first—Pilar in *For Whom The Bell Tolls*—will long be remembered by all who see the film



Milada (Luiſe Rainer), daughter of a wealthy coal-mine owner, joins the underground movement in order to help her father who is in the hands of the Nazis. There she meets Paul Breda (Arturo de Cordova), a newspaper man and a leader of the patriots. Together they seek vengeance on the Nazis by whom the hostages, including Milada's father, are subsequently shot



Meetings of the patriots are held in the storeroom of a coffee shop run by the bakeress, Marie (Katina Paxinou). A meeting is interrupted and Marie (centre) and Paul Breda (Arturo de Cordova) are interrogated by the Nazis and taken away to headquarters



Life under Nazi rule is an unending sequence of trouble and sorrow. Every effort of the patriots is met by the shooting of an increasing number of hostages. Nevertheless, the underground movement works on, sacrificing everything in order to impede the German war machine

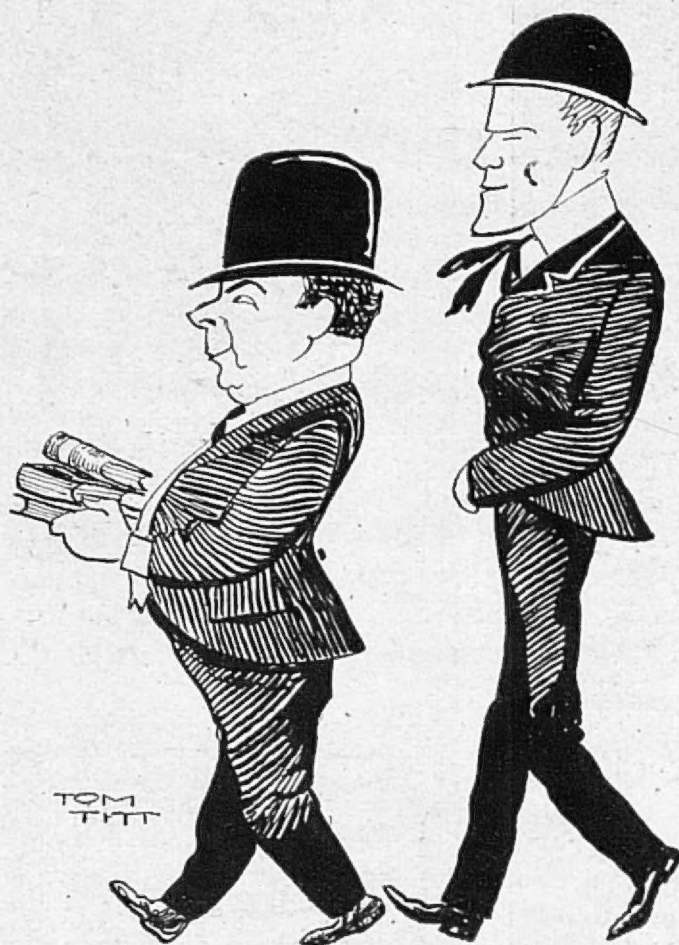
# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

## The Druid's Rest (St. Martin's)

COULD anything be more Welsh than a Welsh Welsh comedy? Nothing, one feels, when such a playboy as Mr. Emlyn Williams is on his native heath. The characters he has assembled here for our entertainment have been given their vocal and temperamental freedom, and revel in it. And when they are in full song, they make the Men of Harlech seem mere tourists in comparison. Their speech rises and falls with the music of brooks that babble down the slopes of Snowdon in spring, and their emotions are as volatile as April winds. Much of their conversation, indeed, seems but recitative linking full-throated arias.

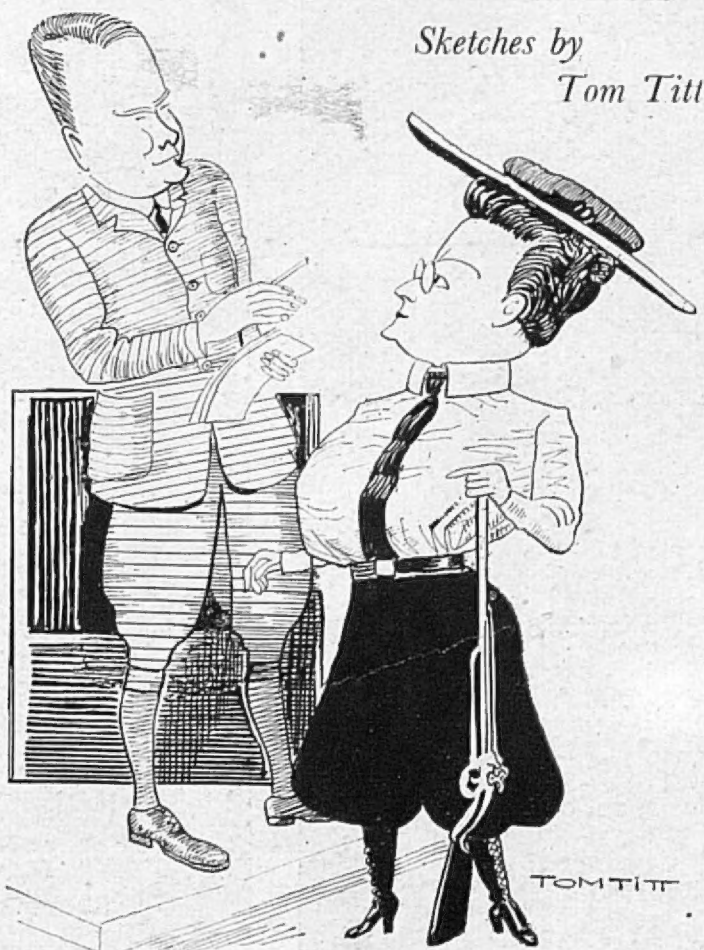
Lest the play's title should mislead, let it be said at once that "The Druid's Rest" is no lonely cairn on the rugged moors, but as sociable a little pub as ever crowned a hiker's day. The only druid we meet there is a Welsh peer in plus fours, an amiable poet with a passion for anonymity and a hatred of crowds. Though an authentic druid, he bears as little resemblance to the hoary ministrants of Stonehenge



Job Edwards (Roddy Hughes) is the landlord of "The Druid's Rest" and a staunch supporter of the church. With him is his elder son Glan (Richard Burton)

an admirer of Dickens as that the *mise en scène* he so buoyantly creates had no basis in fact. Is there not the harmonium, which has supplanted the harp as the national instrument (its F sharp a permanent defaulter owing to the action of a misplaced pint of beer), and a wealth of local colour to vindicate its authenticity?

It is not the characters (with one exception) who might invite scepticism, but the plot, which is perhaps a bit ramshackle in substance, and may encourage pedantic realists to under-



The local squire (Michael Shepley) is a peer with poetic aspirations. He captivates Jehovah's Witness, Sarah Jane (Nuna Davey), with his quiet charm



Tommos (Brynmor Thomas), younger son of Kate and Job Edwards, is a child with a vivid imagination fed on crime and thrillers. His mother (Gladys Henson) is forced to punish him by taking away his books

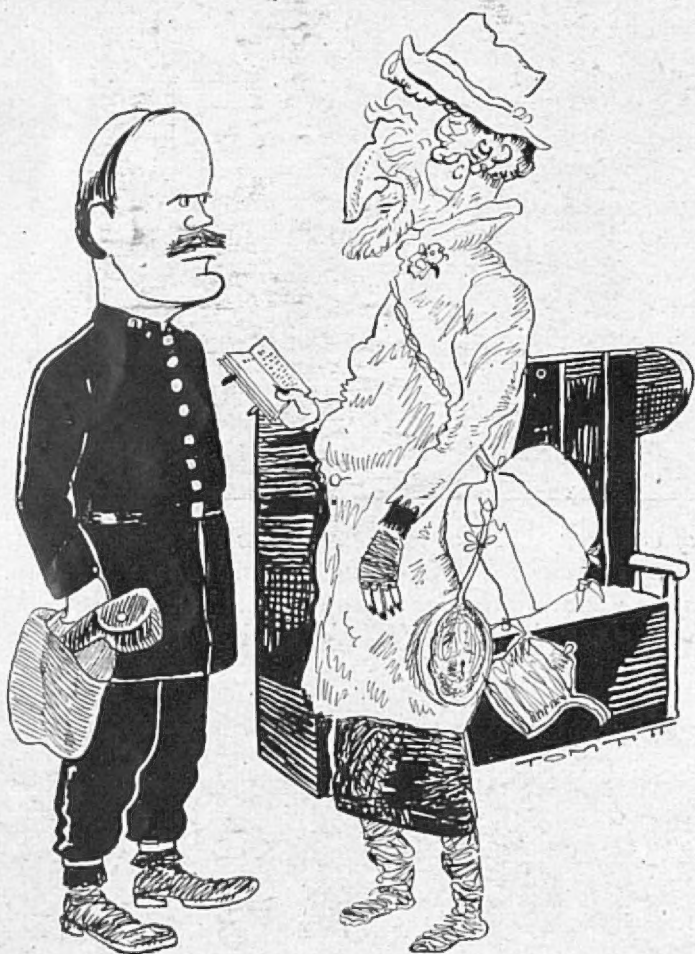
rate the fun. This dubious character is that itinerant druid—a peer of the realm at home, posing as a commoner abroad—who, when booking board and lodging at the pub, impulsively describes himself as "Smith," a commercial traveller, and thereby launches the avalanches of laughter that ensue.

In assuming this innocent alias, he reckons without the younger son of his host, a grim precocious imp addicted to blood and thunder, whose genius for putting two and two together and making the result preposterous is more melodramatic than actuarial. It so happens that Smith, the murderer, is reputed to be at large in Wales. This rumour, supported by the behaviour of the mysterious guest, and some highly equivocal dialogue, is more than enough to fan smouldering suspicion into fearful certainty, and to show what tangled webs we weave when first we set out to deceive.

THEREAFTER imaginary crime and innate cupidity combine to furnish the comedy with its core of dramatic combustibles, and the characters with opportunities to redeem a somewhat headstrong plot from charges of racial caricature or satirical spite. These characters are drawn with delightful freedom and played with robust conviction. The performance of Mr. Roddy Hughes as the music-and-money-loving landlord is a beauty, in which the sacred and the secular play, so to speak, into each other's hands with Cymric ease and volubility. As his English wife (and proud of it) Miss Gladys Henson brings Drury Lane to Tan-y-Maes without losing a prejudice or a Cockney inflection on the way.

Miss Nuna Davey, as the be-bloomered champion both of Mrs. Pankhurst and Jehovah, is doughtily amusing. Mr. Neil Porter, as a haystack-dwelling bard, vowed to speak and write nothing but Welsh, is the apotheosis of all such tattered devotees of Bacchus and the muses; and Mr. Michael Shepley manœuvres the mysterious stranger through the web his anonymity weaves with tact. This is not a grateful part, but he keeps it light, firm, and helpful.

Remains the landlord's younger son, that solemn knickerbockered piece of precocity, whose unflinching obsessions by literature and the macabre are pure genius. This rare and refreshing prodigy is not so much acted as brought uncannily to life by Master Brynmor Thomas.



Zachariah (Lyn Evans) represents law and order in the village. Issmal (Neil Porter) is a tramp

as an eisteddfod chorister in full song bears to a crooner deep in the microphone doldrums.

The time, says the programme, is summer early in this century. Yet it is not consistently as early as that. For while Mrs. Pankhurst is in her heyday, and the Brides-in-the-Bath murders are a current sensation, paper money seems to have crept into circulation prematurely. This, however, is a harmless anachronism in a plot comically rather than chronologically scrupulous, and whose sole intent is to amuse.

THIS plot is generous in incident. As it unfolds, it becomes more and more like a conjurer's hat from which Welsh rabbits and other local fauna are produced in abundance. It has a Victorian flavour, and we should be as surprised to learn that Mr. Williams was not



*Madame Rosay and Dame Lilian Braithwaite*

Mme. Françoise Rosay, the celebrated French actress, made her first appearance in this country at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. Stars of stage and screen as well as many famous in the literary world forgathered, at the invitation of Mr. Hugh Beaumont, to welcome her; later they flocked on to the stage to congratulate her on a magnificent performance



*Among the first to arrive at the Theatre Royal for Mme. Rosay's performance were Alfred Lunt and his British-born wife, Lynn Fontanne*

## Theatre Snapshots

A First Appearance and Two  
London First-Nights



*Laurence Olivier brought his wife, Vivien Leigh. He is seen above with Ursula Jeans, to whom they chatted in the interval*



*Judy Campbell, who married Lt. G. Birkin, R.N.V.R., last year, arrived with Penelope Dudley Ward (Mrs. Anthony Pelissier) at the first-night of "The Cradle Song," at the Apollo Theatre*



*First-Nighters at Two of the New H. M. Tennent Stage Productions*

*Mrs. Emlyn Williams saw the first performance of her husband's new play, "The Druid's Rest," with Lt. Campbell (husband of American columnist Dorothy Parker) and Adrianne Allen (Mrs. Dwight Whitney)*

# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### "The Season" Opens

LONDON "seasons," as we knew them in pre-war years, are a thing of the past, perhaps only temporarily, perhaps permanently exiled into that nostalgic land of things we used to enjoy; but the return of Their Majesties from the country, where they had been spending a few days' holiday with their daughters, and the first investiture of the year, held by the King at Buckingham Palace almost immediately after his return, marked the opening of the 1944 equivalent of the old round of balls, routs and parties. Though perhaps only comparatively few passers-by notice it, the gay-coloured Royal Standard flying over the King's house, announcing that His Majesty is in his capital, has for imaginative folk a cheering symbolic value, as though it

were announcing to all and sundry that all is well; and when the Court is in town, there is definitely a more vigorous tone in West End life. Both the Princesses came to the Palace with the King and Queen to attend to various important affairs of their own, including, I fancy, some coupon-spending expeditions.

### Good-bye to England

AUSTERITY bans on big public banquets have deprived the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester of many of the normal opportunities for saying good-bye to their friends in this country, and of meeting representatives of societies and institutions connected with Australia, their home for the next few years. But both their Royal Highnesses have been entertained privately at a number of smaller parties, where they have been able to meet informally several of the leaders of Australian affairs over here. The Duke, with his customary thoroughness, has delved deeply into comprehensive studies of Australian history, economics, customs and so on, and he has already surprised many of those he has met by the depth of his book-knowledge of the Dominion he is going out to govern. Among many other engagements, the Duchess was in Bedford recently, fulfilling a crowded programme of visits arranged for her by that old friend of the Royal Family, Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey.

### Entertaining

PEOPLE in Yorkshire are living up to their reputation for generous hospitality, even during the war, and many small parties have been arranged this winter for soldiers stationed in that part of the country. The Earl and Countess of Rosse have had several at their home, Womersley Park. Lord Rosse joined the Irish Guards at the beginning of the war, and Lady Rosse, who is the sister of Mr. Oliver Messel, the clever décor artist, is a charming and gay hostess, and was greatly missed over here before the war, when she spent so much of her time at Birr Castle, in Ireland.

Sir Richard and Lady Sykes have also entertained many friends stationed near their lovely home, Sledmere, the greater part of which



### London Wedding

Lt. Philip Alexander Hudson, Grenadier Guards, son of the late Capt. Barton Hudson and Mrs. Hudson, married Miss Loveday Catherine Gibbs, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Arthur Gibbs, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

is a hospital now. They had planned a party just before Christmas, but this had to be cancelled, as Lady Sykes was not too well before the birth of her son and heir, and had to go very quietly. Everyone knows entertaining needs a lot of energy to organise these days, however small the party.

Another very hospitable Yorkshire host is Sir John Blunt. Sir John, who lived in Surrey before the war, is now staying at his home, Headlam Hall, with his sisters, as he has been suffering from phlebitis, which has necessitated sick leave from his military duties. He joined the 10th Hussars in 1930.

### Six Little Girls in Red

Mrs. ROBERT and Lady Serena James always give a warm welcome to their friends who come up north, and often have week-end guests on leave to stay in their comfortable home. Lady Serena still has her six little evacuee girls living in the house; she has looked after these children wonderfully during the war. This winter she has dressed them all in cherry-red coats and caps, a bright and gay sight when they accompany her into the town. The James's elder girl, Ursula, who is fair like

(Continued on page 170)



### Actress and Mascot

Frances Day and "Lady Moe" supped together at the Animals' Welfare Party. "Lady Moe," a North African donkey flown here in a Flying Fortress, is the mascot of a U.S. air squadron



### People Who Went to the Animals' Welfare Party at Grosvenor House

Col. S. L. Bibby, Commandant of the Surrey Army Cadet Force, and the Dowager Countess of Airlie supported the good cause, to raise funds for the alleviation of animal suffering during the war

Some of those who helped to organise the party were Mrs. Philip Gould, Mrs. Valerie Porter, Mrs. Eileen Connell, Mrs. Raymond Game and Mrs. Lamrock, organiser. Famous jockeys acted as auctioneers during the evening



Lady Katharine Phillips, sister of the Duke of Norfolk, and Mrs. Robert Ducas went to the Nevile-Torr wedding



Miss Elizabeth Moncreiffe and Miss Philippa Carey-Corbet were in W.R.N.S. uniform at the wedding reception

The marriage of Lt. Henry Nevile, Scots Guards, son of the late Mr. Charles Nevile, of Wellington, Lincolnshire, and Miss Jean Torr took place at St. James's, Spanish Place. The bride is the daughter of the late Mr. C. J. W. Torr and Mrs. Torr



Guests at the Nevile-Torr wedding, and reception at Claridges, were Mrs. Alec Abel-Smith with her children, Carolyn and David, and Mrs. Brocas Burrows and her son, Richard

## Two Weddings

Photographs by Swaabe



### A Recent Wedding at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

Capt. D. T. (Dochie) MacGregor, Coldstream Guards, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. MacGregor, of Cardney, Dunkeld, Perthshire, and Miss Nighean Fraser, only child of Col. Alastair N. Fraser, of Nottingham, and Mrs. Constance Fraser, were married on January 29th

The three bridal attendants were Miss Pamela Fielder-Johnson, the Hon. Mrs. John Mansfield and Miss Ann Leeper, and Capt. P. P. Jeffreys, Irish Guards, was the best man. The bride was given away by her father



### Discussing Food?

Lady Woolton, wife of the Minister of Reconstruction, and Mrs. Henry Willink, wife of the Minister of Health, sat together at a recent lunch of the Food Education Society in London



### Dining Out

Capt. R. B. Mackenzie, from Ontario, and Lady Patricia Wellesley, who is Earl Cowley's elder daughter, were dining and dancing at the May Fair not long ago

## On and Off Duty

(Continued)

her mother and very attractive, has now got a war job in the district, which enables her to live at home. Lady Serena gave a very good small dance around Christmas for her and two of her friends, Miss Ann Weatherall and Miss Maureen Myles-Thompson, both good-looking dark girls, who have joined the F.A.N.Y.S. Amongst the James's guests have been the Duke of Rutland, on short leave from his regiment, the Grenadier Guards, and the Hon. Christopher Beckett, who is A.D.C. to General Eastwood. He is the son and heir of Lord Grimthorpe, whose home is also in Yorkshire. Incidentally, I hear that Lord Grimthorpe, who is now in Italy on active service, lately had the opportunity to visit the lovely villa he and Lady Grimthorpe own out there. Happily, he found it undamaged and in pretty good order, considering four years of war and all other difficulties.

### Welcome Home

A GREAT welcome home was given to Mr. Geoffrey Grinling when he returned from his military duties in North Africa, just in time for Christmas. Since he went overseas his two young daughters—Susan and Camilla—have

come back from California, where they have been living with their grandmother, Mrs. Causton, since 1940. They had not seen their father for over three years. They returned on a Portuguese ship with all lights on, and then flew on from Lisbon, after the usual wait of several weeks. They were thrilled to find a new home awaiting their return, as their parents moved into a lovely old house in Mayfield in 1942. Before the war Mr. and Mrs. Grinling seldom stayed in one house for long. When they bought a house it generally needed a lot doing to it, which they did very cleverly, making it so attractive and comfortable that they always had tempting offers to sell. One of the houses that this clever couple restored to its former beauty, uncovering lovely panelling and fireplaces, at the same time modernising with bathrooms, swimming-pool and a hard tennis-court, was Ramhurst Manor, a house mentioned in the old books of Kent, and, incidentally, supposed to be haunted. It is now the home of the Hon. Hugh Kindersley, Lord Kindersley's son and heir. Mr. Grinling found his eldest girl had grown nearly as tall as himself, which is saying something, as he is the tallest of this family of four good-looking brothers. They are descended from the famous Grinling Gibbons. His eldest brother, Major Jimmy Grinling, is in the Grenadier Guards, and was all through the Burma campaign, having gone out there on a staff job.

### The O'Grady Christening

HEIR to an ancient Irish title is four-months-old Brian de Courcy O'Grady, son of Major The O'Grady and Madame O'Grady, of Ireland, and the first grandson of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. T. A. Thornton, of Brockhall, near Weedon, Northamptonshire, who was christened on January 27th in the Norman church at Brockhall. Only twelve families in Ireland have the right to prefix their surname with the article "The," a right granted by Queen Elizabeth to the heads of the Sept or Clan.

The baby comes of an ancient lineage on both sides, for his mother's family, the Thorntons, have lived at Brockhall since 1600. Lt.-Col. T. A. Thornton, grandfather of the baby Brian, was formerly Commanding Officer of the 7th Hussars, and Equerry to the late Prince Arthur of Connaught. Brockhall is now being used for military purposes, and so the family have converted for their own use four old fourteenth-century thatched cottages near by that were formerly occupied by the groom, the chauffeur, the gardener and the butler. It was in the

(Concluded on page 184)



Yvonne Gregory

### Miss Patience Louise Ralli

The younger daughter of Sir Strati and Lady Ralli, of Beaurepaire Park, Basingstoke, is engaged to Lt. William Edward Michael de Sierac Dunn, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Dunn



### Guests at a London Party of the Women's Legion

Viscountess Bury, wife of the Earl of Albemarle's heir, and Lady Ritchie were two members of the Women's Legion present at the party. Lady Bury's mother, the Marchioness of Londonderry, founder and President of the Legion, received the guests

The Countess de Kerdrel and the Marquess of Londonderry were talking at the party, which was held at the London headquarters of the Women's Legion in Eaton Square

Swade

## Country Events



### The O'Grady's Son is Christened

The son of Major The O'Grady, R.A., and Mme. O'Grady was christened Brian de Courcy at St. Peter's, Brockhall, Northamptonshire. He is seen in this picture with his parents after the ceremony



### American Red Cross Workers

Lady Leese, wife of the Commander of the Eighth Army, works as assistant director of the American Red Cross Officers' Club in Manchester. With her here is the director, Mr. Theodore J. Cassidy



### Northampton W.V.S. Activity

Mrs. Earle (left), wife of Capt. Hardman A. M. Earle, R.A. is organiser of the Northampton W.V.S. Clothing Exchange. Her husband, only son of Lt.-Col. Sir Algernon Earle, Bt., is serving abroad



### A Christening at Wells Church, Near Frome

Bill, Frome

In this photograph, taken at the christening of Lt. and Mrs. Robert Aikenhead's baby, are Brig. Aikenhead, D.S.O., M.C., Miss Jane Aikenhead, Mrs. Harold Gibb, Mrs. Robert Aikenhead and the child, the Rev. Kenneth Jackson, M.C., Mrs. D. F. Aikenhead and Mr. Richard Ingleby



Right: Colonel Henry Hunloke, M.P., and his wife, Lady Anne Hunloke, are seen with two of their children, Philippa and Timothy. Colonel Hunloke is the M.P. for West Derbyshire

### An M.P. with His Wife and Children

Gill, Matlock



### The 500,000th Prisoner-of-War Parcel Packed at Hawick

Braidon, Selkirk

The Duchess of Roxburghe (holding the parcel) was at the Hawick Red Cross Prisoner of War packing department to celebrate the event. Also in the group are the Earl of Minto, Lady Delamere and Mr. Allan Watt, president of the local association

# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

BERLIN RADIO has been scourging Parisians who wear lemon-coloured gloves and carry neatly-rolled umbrellas ("the insignia of Chamberlain"), and calls them "Anglophiles trying to be elegant, or British." Flattering, but, we thought, quite inaccurate.

The exquisitely-rolled British umbrella is not a striving after elegance but an expression of maximum moral rectitude. In gipsy mood the Whitehall boys, who have wrought this symbol to admitted perfection, sometimes leave the rubber enfolding-ring half an inch off the top end. This is done to impress women and has no enervating effect, except when—as sometimes happens—the Whitehall boys stay to tea, leaving their despatch-case in the car. But even then Number One cannot chide them too harshly.

"Your umbrella, Faughhaughton."

"Yes, Sir."

"I am not criticising the rolling of it, Faughhaughton, but I notice a certain laxity about the use of the ring. Are you in love?"

"Yes, Sir."

"I am glad to hear that. Every Civil Servant, Class I should experience this passion, within departmental limits. But I hear that while you are dallying with the fair object of your vows, the secret plans for the Beveridgean Tierra del Fuego were stolen from your car?"

"Yes, Sir."

"A pity, Faughhaughton. Are you quite sure that this—er—Bohemian trick with your umbrella, while it may dazzle the fair, does not lead to a kind of moral untidiness?"

"I had not thought of that, Sir."

What amounts to a ticking-off, in dignified non-committal terms, having thus

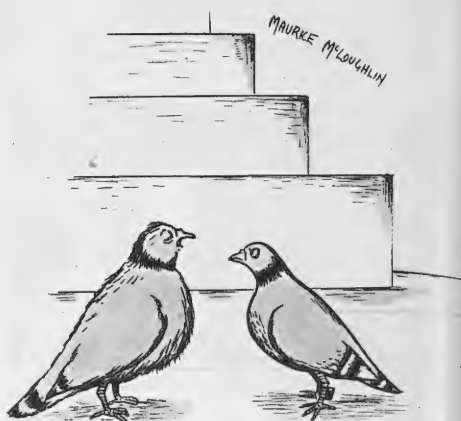
been awarded, the Civil Servant retires, flushed but not dishevelled.

## Ruse

AN echo from older and happier wars was that recent news-story of the bugler in a North Country regiment who, during a night-battle on the Burma Front, sounded a Japanese call on a captured bugle and fooled the enemy into retreat.

The classic instance of course is that of the little French infantry drummer in one of the early battles of the Revolution who slipped behind the enemy front line and beat the charge. The tall, padded Prussians, flummoxed and panicky, cut him down, and there is a moving bronze statue in the village of Avesnes (unless we err) of this child drumming the French to victory, with the Gallic Cock a-crow above him. Modern warfare doesn't afford overmuch scope for such feats, still less for the most brilliant ruse in the history of war, performed long ago by certain patriotic sweethearts of Madrid in the French wars and unfortunately impossible to discuss in detail outside the austere pages of *The Lancet*.

What we want to see is more lawful trickery imported into the games which normally occupy the Race's waking hours—those games which the sports boys of Fleet Street are so fond of describing in martial language, though to adopt the ruses of war in cricket, football, and hockey would probably horrify them. What we're thinking of is (e.g.) a compact mass of "reserve"



"Now, during the last war . . ."

camouflaged fielders rushing a Test batsman at the blast of a whistle and knocking him senseless before he can complete his century. That 18th-century French thinker who held that it is absurd and illogical to cheat in war and not at the card-table was right.

## Legend

DENSE London fogs like that one recently released for publication by the Min. of Inf. are extremely rare since electric fires and central heating came in. A pity, we think. Nothing suits the Mind of the Race like a nice rich thick fog.

There's a story, told as true at tedious length by every aged West End clubman, about a celebrated ten-day peaspop fog of the 1880's during which a bus got into St. James's Square and went round and round for a week and was never seen again. The essence of this macabre little legend is obviously that nobody spoke to anybody during that endless roundabout. Or maybe on the fifth night a whiskered adventurous passenger cleared his throat and hazarded a baritone observation:

"Am I correct, conductor, in assuming that this vehicle is proceeding in the direction of Paddington?"

(No reply.)

On the sixth night an elderly lady, we imagine, turned to her companion:

"Poor Emily was always averse, during her stay at Harrogate, to exposing herself to the possibility of any contact with the Smiths."

(No reply.)

By the seventh afternoon they discovered they were all dead—a fairly common experience with the Island Race, but deeply moving when you consider they had paid their fares and a joint action would lie against the 'bus company. The next and last remark heard in that bus (still going round, possibly, in a fourth dimension) was probably:

"This perpetual circumambulation is becoming demonstrably tedious and I shall instruct my solicitors, Messrs. Dimple, Dimple, Dimple, Rump, Harbottle, Goucher, Marrowfat, Powke, and Dimple, of 189A Bedford Row."

Poë ought to have written it. Poë maybe did?

(Concluded on page 174)



"Shall I get my coat, dear, or can you manage solo?"



*Air Marshal Coningham takes a last look at the Adriatic before leaving Italy*

## Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham

Assumes His New Command  
in Britain

Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham, recently appointed Air Officer Commanding No. 2 Tactical Air Force of the R.A.F. based in Britain, has now taken up his new duties. He was previously in command of No. 1 Tactical Air Force in the Mediterranean Air Command. Air Marshal Coningham is an Australian, and began his flying career in 1916, when he obtained a commission in the Royal Flying Corps. His driver is Cpl. E. C. Brooks, of Somerset, and his batman, Cpl. J. S. Hollingsworth, comes from Nottingham. They are seen with him in the picture below



*Air Marshal Coningham, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., A.F.C.*



*Cpl. E. C. Brooks, Air Marshal Coningham and Cpl. J. S. Hollingsworth*

# Standing By ...

(Continued)

## Racket

IF those two Army investigation officers ("Spies!" cried an indignant lawyer), mixed up in an alleged orgy in a Sussex country club they were supposed to be watching, really pushed the boat out as charged, they were overdoing it and letting the spy racket down.

In West End night clubs a lovely police-woman employed as *agent-provocatrice* and dancing the cancan solo in a Chanel gown is a very rare spectacle we're told. Luring is one thing, exhibitionism another. Any sane cabaret proprietor on the very threshold of the sneezer would take one look at that charmer's feet and close down immediately. Discretion and poise are essential, also refinement. In fact, a chap tells us, if you go into some joints and see a perfect lady sipping from a glass with her little finger curled upwards in the daintiest West Kensington style you should pace right out again and home, while the going's good. Which reminds us incidentally of what we still think is a good moral night club story, and if you've heard it 500 times already we're deathly indifferent. A haggard young man sitting alone at a table in a low cabaret, head in hands, was approached by a severe person who said: "Young man, what would your mother think if she knew you frequented a place where painted wantons dance on the table, like that screaming, abandoned hussy over there?" and the young man groaned and said "That is Mother."

## Dope

DISCUSSING the virtues of hyoscine, a drug of the belladonna group said by experimenting Army doctors to give almost complete protection against seasickness, the experts forgot that hyoscine is no new word to the Race, having been a major topic and star turn of the year 1910, when Dr. Crippen used it.

Five grains was the amount bought by the little thick-spectacled American doctor—who turned out to have such a fine chivalrous streak—to get rid of Mrs. Crippen, a portion of whom was handed round the jury in a soup-plate. Nobody before the Doctor had ever used hyoscine for this purpose, or in such quantity, the usual dose injected in cases of delirium-tremens and meningitis being about one-hundredth of a grain. Little did the Boche (who loved the Crippen case, though it lacked the cannibal appeal of, for instance, the Düsseldorf murders) dream that hyoscine in approved doses would one day help to kick him out of half Europe.

Apropos drugs in general, there've been relatively few newspaper stories in this war, as in the last, about heavily-doped German troops attacking with glittering eyes and rigid expressions and passing through Newcastle-on-Tyne with snow—no, that was the Russians, or somebody. Great-Uncle's mind is evidently wandering. Tell

Mumsie to ask Dusty to slip him a shot of hyoscine, about six grains, the darling old slouch.

## Suggestion

MARIE-ANTOINETTE, newly Queen of France, rose from bed one bitter winter morning, sipped her coffee, bathed, and began to dress.

As her woman was about to hand the Queen her chemise a lady-in-waiting entered. The chemise therefore had to be handed by her, and would have been, had the lady-in-waiting not been obliged to hand it to the Duchess of Orleans, who knocked at the door at that moment, and, having been duly handed the chemise, was obliged to hand it to the Countess of Provence, who followed her into the room a moment or two later. Meanwhile Marie-Antoinette, naked to the waist and blue with cold, nearly wept with anger and vexation. But etiquette was etiquette, and the Queen might have frozen to death for all the precisians cared.

This anecdote, told by Madame Campan, is often quoted as a crack at the Ancien Régime, the idea being that modern Democracy has swept all pompous follies away



"Everyone seems more friendly since the war"

(a pedant was suggesting this on the air only last week). Any artless sap who believes this should try, in our unfortunate view, to get in to see a minor Minister in Whitehall, some Cabinet hack, some solemn jack-in-office. Bourbon Versailles in comparison was a public park. In fact Bourbon Versailles was a public park, where the populace was admitted by right to see Royalty eat, walk, dance, and even give birth.

Try walking into the Board of Waste-Paper and Tomfoolery one day with an introduction to Sir Henry Poodle.

## Change

THROUGH the shadow of the globe, as Alfred Lord Tennyson said to the chorus-girl, we sweep into a larger day. A recent news-item shows once more how right that boy turned out to be. When the British garrison landed on the Faroës, apparently the local cuties wore coarse black stockings, and made a hit with nobody. To-day they wear artificial silk stockings and lipstick and are slapped by sergeant-majors like any other civilised floozie. The next duty before these simple babies is to Express Themselves, and leading them up the garden must be a relatively simple job.

"But Mumsie, he's a B.B.C. talent-scout!"

"I thought he was a lance-corporal in the Sanitary Corps."

"He says I've got a lovely voice and he can get me into the big money, two pounds a week or more."

"Well, it's no life for a decent Faroë girl."

Learning to spit in Mumsie's eye like an emancipated girl is an art soon acquired, and before she knows where she is the average Faroë girl will be writing a best-selling novel and joining the P.E.N. Club.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"By gad!—Gum too, what?"



## Paul Robeson's "Othello" is a Sensation in New York

Gehr, Black Star

Paul Robeson has achieved one of the greatest successes of his career by his performance as The Moor of Venice in the Theatre Guild production of Shakespeare's *Othello* on Broadway this season. Says American publication *Life*: "Robeson received one of the most prolonged and wildest ovations in the history of the New York theater." It was, of course, Shakespeare's purpose that the part of the Moor should be played by a negro and brilliantly Robeson justifies the author's intention. He was seen in the same role in this country at the Savoy Theatre in 1930. On that occasion the part of Desdemona, wife to Othello, was played by Peggy Ashcroft. In New York now the part is being taken by Uta Hagen



*Out Shooting : Sir Eric and Lady Bowater*



*Dene Place, West Horsley*



*Sir Eric Inspects the Pigs*



*The Bull Behind the Bars*



*A Visit to the Calves*



*Sarah's Family: Seven Dolls and an Elephant*



*Sarah and Nicholas on the Mat*

## Indoors and Out

At Dene Place, West Horsley, Sussex  
Home of Sir Eric and Lady Bowater

Sir Eric Bowater, Deputy Controller of Repairs, Equipments and Overseas Supplies at the Ministry of Aircraft Production, lives with his wife and two children at Dene Place. Part of the house is occupied by the firm of Bowater, Ltd., of which he is chairman, which was evacuated there earlier in the war. Apart from his other activities, Sir Eric is a keen farmer and breeder of livestock. He married in 1937 Miss Margaret Vivian Perkins, and they have a daughter, Sarah, now four years old, and a son, Nicholas, who was born last year. Sir Eric received a knighthood in this year's New Year's Honours

*Photographs by Swaebe*



*Three Horses Come In for Some Attention*



*Lady Bowater and Her Daughter, Sarah*



*Miss Mary Pepys Cockerell*, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. F. Pepys Cockerell and Mrs. Pepys Cockerell, is studying architecture, following in the footsteps of her grandfather and great-grandfather, who were both noted architects of the last century. Her home, Holt Castle, Worcester, is at present given over to war purposes



*Miss Pamela Morgan-Grenville* is the eldest daughter of Lt.-Col. the Hon. Thomas Morgan-Grenville and Mrs. Morgan-Grenville, of Wootton House, Bedfordshire. She is a granddaughter of Lady Kinloss, and is twenty-four years old



*The Hon. Violet Somers* is serving in the W.R.N.S. She is the only child of Lord and Lady Somers, of Eastnor Castle, Leicestershire. Her father, Chief Scout of the United Kingdom and the British Commonwealth, was Governor of Victoria from 1926 till 1931, and Acting Governor-General of Australia in 1930

## The Younger Generation



*Miss Patricia Raeburn*

*Miss Patricia Raeburn*, daughter of the late Sir Ernest Raeburn and Lady Raeburn, of Auchengower, Dumbartonshire, is a granddaughter of the late Sir William Raeburn, Bt., the shipowner. Miss Raeburn is an air-raid warden besides working for the W.V.S. Her brother, Major Digby Raeburn, is in the Scots Guards



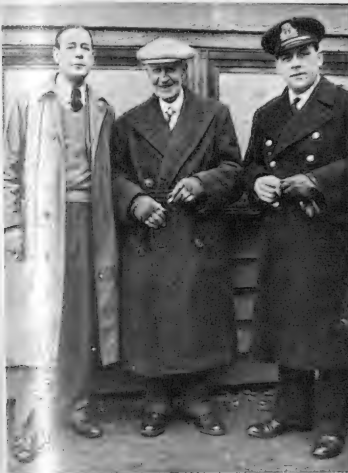
*Lady Elizabeth Rufus Isaacs* is twenty-three, and is a Junior Commander in the A.T.S. She is the younger daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Reading, and a granddaughter of the late Lord Melchett. Her brother, Viscount Erleigh, M.C., is in the Queen's Bays, and married Miss Margot Duke three years ago

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Bushido and Kultur

WHERE is the difference? Where, also, is the difference between Bataan and Lidice, Katyn and Hong Kong, where, after outraging them, the Japanese murdered the Queen Alexandra nurses, having first mutilated and then shot before their eyes the medical officer in charge;—between Hitler and Hirohito, Tojo and Himmler, Laval and —, Franco and —? The list is capable of enlargement. The mere Man in the Street is beginning to believe that it is about time that we discarded the kid glove in favour of the cestus.



D. R. Stuart

## Three Rugby Well-Knowns

Habités at Richmond Athletic Ground on big Rugby match days are P. S. Douty, ex-Cambridge and Scottish International, Mr. E. de Lissa, secretary and President of the Barbarians, and Lt.-Cdr. H. C. C. Laird, R.N.V.R., Harlequins and England half-back

## Compensating Balance

THERE is a word the Greeks have for it, ANAPKH. If Rudolf, sometimes called Adolf, knew any Greek—which, of course, he does not—he would know that this word is not Russian, but in the Greek it is equally ominous. Freely translated, it means "The Inevitable," a thing that creeps and creeps upon you silently and inexorably (*erpetai* is the word the Greeks used). The dramatists were very fond of ANAPKH (pronounced "Anangke"), the thing from which you could not get away, and which got you in the end, no matter how you might turn, twist and wriggle. A most uncomfortable word, especially for the evil-doer, to which those old playwrights invariably applied it. It conveys something like a land-slip, which, if you have ever seen one, I expect you may admit is one of the most staggering sights in the world. It starts with an almost imperceptible movement of the mountain-side; then a gap appears; then rocks as big as sentry-boxes begin to go, and trees that looked immovable; then more rocks, probably bigger, start humming and bouncing like footballs into the depths 2000 and 3000 ft., perhaps even more, below; a crash and a cracking that is not a little disconcerting, mainly because you cannot be sure whether the bit of hill, upon which you

yourself may be, may not start slipping, following the ugly example of the mile or more of mountain that has already taken the dive. This is the best example of ANAPKH of which I can think, and I suggest that it accurately pictures the situation of a country which some misguided people seem to think is worth saving. The sooner we realise that a big scar in the hill-side is far better than the recurring menace, the happier and safer will the world find itself.

## The Lord of Stapleford

IT is fairly safe to predict general satisfaction in Leicestershire over the fact that Colonel John Gretton decided not to abandon his patronymic on his elevation to the peerage, and has elected to be styled Lord Gretton of Stapleford in the County of Leicester. Stapleford without a Gretton as its presiding and tutelary genius would be an anomaly. Lord Gretton was Chairman of the Committee of the Cottesmore Hunt for a record period, and no wiser or more popular personality ever presided over its destiny. Stapleford is practically in Melton, the point at which three famous hunts converge—the Quorn, the Cottesmore and Belvoir—and is the apex of an irregular triangle, inside of which is, or was, the finest bit of hunting country in the wide world. It is universally acknowledged that if the following villages are linked up in the order named you get the absolute cream: Stapleford, Wymondham, South Witham, Cottesmore, Manton, Preston, Belton, Loddington, Burrough-on-the-Hill and Burton Lazars. Perhaps I ought to add Owston Wood and Priors Coppcie to the list, but they are not villages. These names are now but memories to many, but I am ready to wager that those who come after us, the future top-sawyers, will indeed be hard to please if they do not acknowledge the truth of these words



D. R. Stuart

## Rosslyn Park's Youngest Member

Derrick Tyler, three-year-old son of J. R. Tyler, Rugby captain of Rosslyn Park, was elected a member of the club at one day old. Here he is with his father and F./Lt. F. J. Lyall, the club secretary

written at a time when "The Grass," and all that it stands for, seem like a mirage. What fairer region for a flyer to cross like a bird on the wing! I do not think that you could name any fence, bar an Irish bank, that cannot be encountered in the great hunting domain under reference. There are even walls on the east side, and if brook-jumping is your pet diversion, try the Whissendine or the Manton.

## Congratulations!

ALL over the world good wishes will have gone out to Lord Lonsdale on his eighty-seventh birthday. To have done most things better than anyone else is a great record, even down to breaking both collar-bones simultaneously in one fall! In the annals of fox-hunting no one has a greater record. He held the fort in the Cottesmore country at the critical period in the last war, and this was very fitting, seeing that those hounds were the family pack

(Concluded on page 180)



## Two Generals and an Air Marshal Back From an Italian Prison

Lt.-Gen. Sir Richard O'Connor, Lt.-Gen. Philip Neame, V.C., and Air Marshal O. T. Boyd are now safely back in England after escaping from a prison camp in Italy. Air Marshal Boyd was captured in November 1940 while leaving to take up his appointment as Deputy to General Wavell, then C.-in-C., Middle East; Generals O'Connor and Neame were taken prisoner together in 1941

## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

and originally came down from Lowther to Leicestershire; his Quorn mastership was a golden period, and he was equally a success with the Woodland Pytchley. On the turf, in the boxing-ring, as a sprinter, and anywhere, in fact, it would be hard to name his equal. But I think that his chiefest attribute is his kindness and his very keen sense of humour. It would be interesting to know how many people realise how their legs were being pulled when he really set about trying to do it.

### "Come, I'll Show You a Country!"

THE "country" is still there, but there are no more "oceans of grass for a flyer to cross like a bird on the wing." A "flyer" no doubt will cross it, but he will be of a different



D. R. Stuart

### Officers of a Fleet Air Arm Station Somewhere in the North

Front row: Pay/Cdr. J. W. Bradley, Cdr. B. E. W. Logan, Capt. R. M. T. Taylor, Cdr. J. W. Havers, Cdr. J. A. D. Wroughton, D.S.C. Back row: Rev. A. D. Walmsley, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Col. A. Holford Walker, M.C. (Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders), Cdr. (E) F. V. Stophord



D. R. Stuart

### University Hockey Captains

Captaining Oxford's Hockey XI, this year is Richard E. H. Bowdler (Rugby and Trinity), and Anthony P. C. Bacon is captain of the Cambridge team (Downside and Trinity), also a golf Blue. The teams meet in March

kind to the one we used to think that we were in those golden moments that I much fear have gone never, perhaps, to return. It's all changed: country, men, horses, hounds and foxes, and for better or for worse, according to your point of view. It can never be the same again. The men it bred, the fire it lighted count for naught with those who cannot know, and, therefore, are all too ready to condemn. Hunting, and all it stood for, may be quite dead: those who have never known will not miss it; those who have known it at its very best will have to drown their regrets in the flowing bowl of memory.

### Equitation

THIS most emphatically is not dead, and I doubt whether it ever will be, for shows have boomed, and no doubt will continue so to do, and riding for air and exercise, also for medicinal purposes, is not likely to cease; but whether this will result in the new aspirant wanting to put his acquired knowledge to the touch outside the show-ring and its fancy fences, no one, I suppose, knows. Puer Ascanius, son of the pious Æneas, delighted in a bounding horse; Adonis died from wounds he got out pigsticking; Alexander obviously preferred riding something that could buck a bit, or else he would never have selected Bucephalus as his first charger; Hippolytus was a pretty good

man on a horse, even if he was not quite so good a coachman; Poseidon invented horse-racing, hence the Navy's fondness of horseback riding—in fact, history teems with testimony that, whatever happens where The Chase is concerned, man cannot resist the lure of tempting Fate and the undertaker in the saddle. I suppose that it is a wise dispensation that this should be so, for it is far better for the interior economy than any other form of exercise, even small-boat sailing, which ends merely in seasickness for most people. And so, whether the craving for mastery of one of the most difficult of the applied sciences induces the desires to carry the student further into the realm of fox-hunting, steeplechasing, polo playing or pigsticking, it is pretty certain that it will remain, and that the horse will continue to be reared for pleasure and for profit also, because every demand creates a market. Incidentally, half the fun in life would be blotted out if horse-dealing were obliterated from the human scheme. House-dealing cannot compare with it, and, *pace* poor old Harry Tate, neither can selling a car! As to the actual study of equitation, what a lot of merriment can be knocked out of "How to Pull the Rein," "How to Stick the Spur In (and survive)," "How to Mount the Horse," "How to Dismount" (at your own moment); "How to Sit at the Jumps," and so forth and so on.



Mr. F. H. Coleman, chairman of the local branch of the National Farmers' Union, organised the shoot, in which a thousand people took part. He gave last-minute instructions from a lorry



Farmer Large accounted for one victim, perhaps the murderer of his chickens killed the night before. The "meet" was at Goudhurst village, and sixty-two foxes were the result of the day's sport



### Shades of Jorrock: a Big Fox-Shoot in Bedgebury Forest, Kent

The shoot was necessitated by the fast breeding of foxes in Kent, causing great damage to livestock in the farms. One of the 500 guns who took part carried home two magnificent specimens

# Rugby Match: The R.A.F. v. The Army



*W/Cdr. Troop and Air Marshal D. G. Donald, A.O.C.-in-C. Maintenance Command, were present at the match*

The return match between the Army and the R.A.F., played on Richmond Athletic Ground, resulted in a victory for the R.A.F. by 11 points to 8. This was the sixth wartime match to take place between the two services, following up the earlier victory this season by the R.A.F. at Gloucester

*Right: Lt. T. A. Kemp, playing for the Army, discussed the prospects of the game with W/Cdr. Keat*

*Below: Lt.-Col. R. H. O'Brien, Brig. Glyn Hughes and Lt.-Gen. Sir Alexander Hood, Director-General of Army Medical Services, were watching the Rugby match*



*Air Chief-Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory, Allied Air C.-in-C., and Sgt. W. T. H. Davies, captain of the R.A.F. team, watched Sir James Grigg congratulate the R.A.F. players*



*Sir James Grigg, Secretary of State for War, shook hands with the Army team, who lost to the R.A.F. after an exciting and hotly-contested game at Richmond*

# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Man of Action

**N**O OUTSPAN," by Deneys Reitz (Faber and Faber; 15s.), as the third in an autobiographical series, brings the life of the author—now High Commissioner for South Africa, and South African Minister to the Belgian, Dutch and Polish Governments—up to a year or two from the present day. *Commando* (one of our modern classics) was the first in the series; *Trekking On* was the second. I imagine that no reader remembering those two books will wish to miss the third. Nor will they need me to tell them that Colonel Reitz's career has been as remarkable as it is outstanding. General Smuts's Preface to *No Outspan* gives a résumé of the earlier phases:

During the Boer War of forty years ago [says General Smuts] the writer of this book joined the republic army at the age of seventeen as a private guerilla soldier, and he remained under arms throughout the struggle. For much of that time he served under me, and he and I had many exciting adventures and narrow escapes. At the conclusion of hostilities he went into self-imposed exile to Madagascar rather than submit to British rule. Ultimately, a letter from my wife found him to say that if South Africa, even under the Union Jack, was good enough for her husband, it was good enough for him. The shot went home. Young Reitz made his way back to the Transvaal. . . . In the years that followed, he came to see that for South Africa the only solution was co-operation between the English and Dutch sections of the community, and he believed that this could only be effected inside the British Commonwealth.

Therefore, when the last great war broke out in 1914, he threw himself whole-heartedly into the conflict. He served under me once more in the campaigns in West Africa and East Africa, after which he went to France, where he ended up in command of a famous Scotch battalion. He was severely wounded, but he returned to lead his battalion to the Rhine after the Armistice of 1918.

*No Outspan* opens at this point—with the dramatic cessation of hostilities on the Western Front at 11 a.m. on the morning of November 11, 1918, and the entry into the Rhineland at the head of his men. At the close of the story we are at war again, and the interest of the last chapter, with its inside account of the events leading up to South Africa's entry into the war (most of all, of the tense Cabinet meeting that was the climax of the conflict with General Hertzog) is unparalleled. Neutrality hung in the balance—the narrowness of the hair's-breadth may not, at that crowded time, have been realised by us British at home.

These, and several other, historic passages will command the attention that they deserve. As Deputy Prime Minister, Colonel Reitz has done more than he tells us in shouldering South Africa's share of war. Yet much of the interest and odd and erratic charm of *No Outspan* will consist, for the general reader, in the book's *not* being that of

the typical public man. Colonel Reitz's temperament and his tastes dominate his approach to his life story. It is on the non-political aspects of his career that his pen and memory dwell with the most pleasure—here we have the born traveller, naturalist, sportsman, lover of action and of all forms of native human as well as animal life. His work as Minister for Irrigation and Lands (not long after his return in 1919) entailed journeys that were after his own heart. In the course of one of these, for instance, he swam the gorge below the Aughrabies Falls. "At the Boer homestead the old farmer held up his hands on being told what I had done, but when I asked him whether the gorge had been swum before, he bluntly said that no one had ever been such a damn fool as to try." Tracts of untravelled African country, with their old violent legends and wild life, intoxicate Colonel Reitz; it can be felt from his writing that this has never cooled off. Sometimes he had the dry amusement of returning, as a Cabinet minister, to scenes last known by him in his youthful guerilla days.

## Breath of the Wild

THIS love of the open spaces has been, one can see, salutary—an antidote to the fever of politics: it may account for the good humour, almost the nonchalance, with which Colonel Reitz writes of crises he has weathered. With



A. Rahm

## Prince and Princess Chula Chakrabongse

Prince Chula Chakrabongse of Siam, G.C.V.O., seen with his wife (she was Miss Elisabeth Hunter), is an officer in the Army Cadet Force, attached to a battalion headquarters in Cornwall. He was formerly Delegate to the League of Nations, and last year published his autobiography, "Brought Up in England"

frank brevity he dismisses "dreary debates"; the indoor nature of parliament is, clearly, most obnoxious to him. The conservation and observation, rather than slaughter of game has been one of his ruling passions: he played an early part in the founding of that great sanctuary, the Kruger National Park. His weakness—if one may call it so—is for elephants: these animals, in particular, haunt his pages. For instance, I cannot help quoting this Disney-esque shot of them:

A friend of mine . . . said he saw the elephants in his dam one hot morning. They were drawing up water with their trunks, sluicing their bodies with obvious enjoyment. He swears that an old bull started to squirt the sloping wall of the dam until he had made a mud slide. Then he clambered out and went along the crest until he reached the top of the chute he had made, and, sitting on his hump, he slid down. He hit the water below with a tremendous splash, and he was so pleased with his performance that he began afresh, and before long the other elephants followed his example, each making a slide and tobogganing into the dam. They continued at their game for more than an hour; then they marched off into the bush, flapping their ears, waving their trunks and jostling each other in high good humour.

Again, there was the occasion when Colonel Reitz, with his two young sons in the car, was entering the Kruger National Park in order to inspect the Lotoba causeway. "We met two enormous bull elephants beside the road, and I pulled up within a few yards of them. Immediately beyond was one of our Board posters nailed to a tree, with the notice, 'Beware of the elephant.' Michael leaned towards me and in a hoarse whisper inquired: 'Daddy, how does one beware of elephant?'"

The effect of primitive forces, of Nature—at her most grandiose, but also her most intractable—on South African politics is strongly brought out in *No Outspan*. To be Minister  
(Concluded on page 184)

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

**A**S one looks back upon one's past life there are few more disconcerting mental emotions than the inner acknowledgment of having achieved greater wisdom through mistakes and failures than ever one achieved by prudence, long suffering and cautiousness. Until it would sometimes appear as if sin were as self-purifying as virtue, especially virtue of the more self-conscious kind. For it is only when we condemn ourselves utterly that we have mounted another step towards the *finer life*. The kicks we give ourselves are the most effective kicks of all. When we are simply condemned by the outside world, which judges merely by results and is uncognisant of provocation, we may perhaps live abashed, but spiritually we have not moved. It is when we criticise ourselves that the spiritual inner life begins to take form. Until then we are little more than a formula.

The world, of course, loves human formulas, but I have a suspicion that Heaven must hate them. They are dull, even as human company. Merely to be checked leads no man anywhere. Life and experience are the finest reformers. For that relentless logic of events, which is the ultimate formation of character, finds out the tiniest cracks in our armour and relentlessly punishes us through the aperture. And by that punishment man often attains the greatest wisdom of which he is psychologically capable—which achievement, it seems to me, lends the only *raison d'être* to any argument for a life

hereafter. We carry with us into a world beyond so very little, if we bring merely an unquestioning conformity, a blind acceptance of precepts, rules and safety-first. The world owes an incalculable debt to its rebels. If Adam hadn't eaten that apple, human history would have been a doughy story.

Consequently, I sometimes think that the unhappiest man is not he whose sufferings most proclaim his misery as he who has repressed himself the most relentlessly, until all the song, often the loveliest song of all, has for ever remained unsung. And it is sad to die having only fulfilled ourselves in little. Thus the mounting casualties of war never fail to fill me with a benumbed pity, amounting to spiritual horror. So much magnificent human potentiality snuffed out before it has begun to spread wide its wings. Until one has lost one's fear of life—a fear in most cases more potent than a fear of death—one cannot cease to be an echo, a reflection, even a nonentity. And most of these young men have in their concentration of mental and spiritual experience learnt a secret of life—its significance, its meaning, its perhaps divine interpretation which in the world at home, for which they fight and die, is only too seldom understood, too rarely translated into practice. The future can ill afford to continue to remain blind to the vision of human realities which all see who, in the full vigour of life, in cold blood have faced up to death.

# Getting Married

## The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



**Douglas Cooper — Bax**

Capt. Philip Bolton Douglas Cooper, R.E., son of Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Douglas Cooper, of The Hawthfield, Wakeney, Gloucestershire, and Miss Charity Ann Bax, only daughter of Admiral and Mrs. R. N. Bax, of Selling Court, Kent, were married at St. Mary's, Selling



**Hanson — Brind**

Capt. Charles John Hanson, The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, only son of Sir Charles and Lady Hanson, and Miss Patricia Helen Brind were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. The bride is the only child of Rear-Admiral E. J. P. Brind and the late Mrs. Brind



**Calvert — Clifton Brown**

Major Edmund Archibald Calvert, The Royals, elder son of Colonel and Mrs. C. A. Calvert, of Broomells, Beare Green, Surrey, and Miss Elizabeth Clifton Brown, eldest daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. H. Clifton Brown, of Holmbush, Fygate, Sussex, were married at St. Saviour's, Colgate



**Corbett Winder — Tainsh**

Right: The marriage of Lt.-Col. John Lyon Corbett Winder, M.C., only son of Major and Mrs. Corbett Winder, of Vaynoe Park, Montgomeryshire, and Miss Aulsa Ramsay Tainsh, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. Ramsay Tainsh, took place at St. Michael's, Chester Square



**Avent — Eustace Jameson**

Mr. Ronald Avent and Miss Daphne Mary Eustace Jameson were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. The bride is the younger daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Eustace Jameson, of Herilage House, Warley, Essex



**Wells — Barneby**

Major John Harman Glossop Wells, The Somerset Light Infantry, son of Dr. and Mrs. W. Wells, of Constantine, Falmouth, married Miss Diana Katharine Barneby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Barneby, of Saltmarsh Castle, Bromyard, Hereford, at Holy Trinity, Sloane St.

## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 170)

kitchen of one of these picturesque old houses that the christening party was held the other day.

Among the guests was the Marchioness of Northampton, whose own baby, Judith, is about the same age as young Brian de Courcy O'Grady, and Mrs. Jock Campbell, widow of the famous V.C., Brigadier Jock Campbell, who is a neighbour of the Thorntons. One of the godfathers is a prisoner of war in Germany. He is Capt. F. V. Corfield. His fellow-godfather is Capt. G. V. Ralli, of the Berkshire Yeomanry. The godmothers are Mrs. P. G. Corbett, Mrs. T. H. Hazlerigg and Miss Eve Drummond, daughter of Capt. G. H. Drummond, of Pitsford.

## Northamptonshire Families

THERE are other famous families of Northamptonshire who are living in makeshift premises during the war, while their own large mansions are being used for military purposes. Lt.-Col. Sir Hereward Wake and Lady Wake live in the converted stables of their grounds at Courteenhall, Northampton, while their house is used as a school by St. Lawrence College, Ramsgate, who are evacuated there. Then the Marquess and Marchioness of Northampton have only a very small wing of Castle Ashby to live in. They share the rest with the Army.

## Christening at Oxburgh

THE son and heir of Capt. Sir Edmund Paston-Bedingfeld was given the names of Henry Edgar when he was christened in the old private chapel at Oxburgh Hall, King's Lynn, where there is a particularly fine altar, which was made in the fifteenth century and was brought over from France. The baby's aunt, Miss Frances Bedingfeld, was one



## A Wedding in Hertfordshire

Lt. G. Graham Hall, Parachute Regiment (The Black Watch, R.H.R.), younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hall, of Manor Way, South Croydon, and Miss Joan Ford, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. P. Ford, of The Arches, Digswell, Herts., were married at St. Mary's, Welwyn

godmother, and Lady Jean Graham the other, while the godfather was Capt. William Worrell, who is in the Welsh Guards, like the baby's father. After the ceremony Lady Bedingfeld gave a party at Oxburgh Hall, and the cake, which originally formed part of Sir Edmund and Lady Bedingfeld's wedding cake, was cut with due ceremony. Two grandmothers were present, the Dowager Lady Bedingfeld and Mrs. Edgar Rees, whose husband was able to slip away from his war duties for the ceremony. Oxburgh Hall was built in 1482, and houses a beautiful and precious tapestry made by Mary Queen of Scots when she was imprisoned in the Tower.

## Exciting Play

ROBUST drama spellbound the audiences at Kew last week, where at the Q Theatre Miss Sonia Dresdel was magnificent in *The Dark Potential*, a hissing cauldron-full of the dark brew of egomania, frustrated talent gone bad, power and maternal instincts running riot, love, hate, fear, death, life: all fearlessly tackled by the authoress, Miss Joan Morgan, and superbly played by Miss Dresdel, looking lovely. There can be little doubt that play and actress will be in the West End before long.

Mr. Peter Copley is in the cast, and gives an excellent performance; his wife, Miss Pamela Brown, was at the Wednesday matinee, talking to Mr. James Agate in an interval. Miss Shelagh Fraser looks deliciously pretty and acts with great intelligence. Her sister, Moyra Fraser, of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, has lately announced her engagement to Capt. Sutherland. Another good performance in an exacting part comes from Mr. John Bryning, and Miss Renee Ascherson is always sincere and vigorous.

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 182)

for Irrigation was no sinecure. "Next to politics, droughts are our chief preoccupation." Isolation—that of the little community, of the up-country farmer—could very easily make for Isolationism. "For nearly three centuries," Colonel Reitz says, "the Afrikaans-speaking community have been individualists, roving the interior, far from constituted authority, every man a law unto himself. . . ." The Rand rioting of 1922 was a major, but by no means the only, test of the Government's power to hold its own. This author's love of his country is of the best kind—that of a realist. The parallels with Ireland, which he several times indicates, his kindly, but shrewd, impressions of the Irish political scene and his account of his meeting with Mr. de Valera, at the beginning of this war, should be of particular interest to Irish readers. Colonel Reitz spent his last, and immediately pre-war, holiday in a symbolic manner: flying over a volcano in eruption, in company with General Smuts and Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, he watched the burning lava bubble and spread. What the three in the plane saw happening below them (described on page 230) was soon, in effect, to be happening to all the world.

## Public School

"A VICTORIAN SCHOOL: BEING THE STORY OF WELLINGTON COLLEGE," by J. St. C. Talboys (Basil Blackwell; 12s. 6d.), is a piece of biographical writing so excellent that its appeal should be wide. Old Wellingtonians, I take it, will already be aware of this book's appearance: my aim is to recommend it to readers who, like myself, may have no personal tie with Wellington College, and who might assume that its history was not for them. Mr. Talboys has treated a particular subject in a general manner—which is, I suppose, the mark of the true writer. Having been at Wellington first as boy, then as master, he still keeps the perspective of the detached person. Long and close knowledge of Wellington has not blurred his impressions. In these days, when public schools are so much under discussion, when rather too much heat goes into defence or attack, one could not have better, or more to the point, reading than this cool analysis of the growth and nature of one.

Mr. Talboys opens with the mid-Victorian scene—an account of the death and funeral of the great Duke of Wellington. Having drawn my ideas of the funeral from the Tennyson Ode, I had always seen this occasion as wholly sublime and moving, and was taken aback by the picture of the 27-ft.-long bronze car, grotesquely lurching through London and cracking pavements. And controversy, unhappily, was to rage around the question of the great Duke's memorial. In the inception of Wellington College, the Prince Consort was a moving spirit: his idea that this should be a military academy close to the German model was, however, countered by the first master—Dr. Arthur White Benson (later, Archbishop of Canterbury). In the matter of architecture, it seems fortunate that the Prince Consort *did* impose his taste. Admittedly, Wellington College, work of the Prince's architect Shaw, is one of the few really fine Victorian buildings: Mr. Talboys defines it as Victorian-baroque. But the Master, whose taste ran to the other extreme, to an extent broke up the solid effect by adding a spindly Victorian-Gothic chapel.

"A naked house, a naked moor," is one's picture of Wellington, as it must have first stood, with its red-brick frontage soaring above the red of the heather, its draughty interior and its so many windows, shedding, after dark fell, only feeblest of candlelight. And the school was as inaccessible as its site was bare. To Dr. Benson is owed the planting of avenues and the original Wellington rhododendrons.

The history of Wellington, like the history of England, divides itself naturally into reigns—those of the successive Masters, Dr. Benson, Dr. Wickham, Dr. Pollock, Dr. Vaughan, Mr. Malim and Robert Longden (whose death by enemy action in 1940, three years after he became Master, was a tragedy for Wellington as for his many friends). To each portrait, Mr. Talboys has brought a delightful skill, and, equally, he has traced, in remarkably few words, the different phases of Wellington's life. Character, in a school as in a person, forms imperceptibly, but how unmistakable are its manifestations! Summers and winters, terms and years and decades—one feels their passage, and power, in *A Victorian School*. Even feminine personalities stand out—eighteen-year-old Mrs. Benson, believed by the boys of her days to smoke cigarettes on the roof, and ethereal Mrs. Vaughan, admiring cloud effects when she was supposed to be watching a rugby match.

The outside world, with its changes, reflected itself also inside Wellington's walls. Mr. Talboys knows how to capture a period's colour. Here, for instance, he looks at faded school-group photographs of the 'seventies and 'eighties:

Heavily bearded and bewhiskered, the Masters look out menacingly, like Minor Prophets, or like figures from one of Edward Lear's Nonsense Books. Can it be that these Masters really sang "Drink to me only with thine eyes," or "Up in a Balloon, Boys," at College concerts? It seems incredible; but I find that they did.

And their pupils—even they wear a grave and troubled aspect, the elder of them already showing more than a sign of hair upon the cheeks and upper lip, their clothes seeming a little unventilated, the younger boys in flannels, which appear to be made of mohair; it was indeed a hirsute age.

## Active Service



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# BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

"WHEN I was introduced to your wife the other day," remarked one man to a friend, "I was sorry to discover that she is rather deaf."  
"Rather deaf?" echoed the other. "Do you know, old man, we once lived close to a gasworks, and one night a gasometer exploded!"  
"Good gracious! I'll bet your wife heard that!"  
"Yes, she did. She turned over in bed and grunted: 'John, you'll have to get something for that cough!'"

A RATHER nice little macabre type of story from *The Forum*, Johannesburg:—  
In the military hospital, a couple of medical orderlies were playing cards, when there was a knock on the door.  
"Who is it?" yelled one.  
A quiet voice answered: "Rigor Mortis. May I set in?"

THE head of the house was reading a newspaper article very carefully. When he had come to the end he remarked to his wife:—  
"Do you know, dear, I think there's something in what this article says—that the cleverness of the father often proves a stumbling block to the son."  
His wife heaved a sigh of relief.  
"Well, thank goodness," she said, "our Bobby won't have anything to fall over."

THREE soldiers were returning to camp after a very good evening in the local town.  
From the darkness came the challenge.  
"Halt! Who goes there?"  
"Friends," said the three.  
"Advance, No. 1, and be recognized," ordered the guard. No. 1 did so. Then the guard spoke again:—  
"Advance, No. 2, and be recognized."  
"Shorry, chum," came the reply with a loud hiccough. "If I advance—hic—No. 3 will fall down."

A MAN dashed into the fire-station. He was very excited, and burst out with: "I'm sorry to interrupt, but my wife has disappeared again."  
One of the firemen looked up.  
"That's too bad," he sympathized, "but why tell us? Why not notify the police?"  
The intruder shook his head.  
"I don't dare tell the police," he explained. "I told them the last time she disappeared—and they went out and found her!"

THE young bachelor was paying a visit to the house of a friend of his, a married man, and found himself rather bored by all the talk about the young son and heir of the house. His hostess talked of nothing else and his host was nearly as bad.  
"Just fancy," said the adoring mother, "he's only seventeen months old and he's been walking for nearly nine months!"  
"Really?" said the visitor wearily. "Don't you think it's about time he sat down?"



Gwladys Stanley (Mrs. Francis Laidler) is appearing as Prince Charming in a new and original version of "Cinderella" at the Garrison Theatre of Southern Command. Since the outbreak of war, Mrs. Laidler has worked unceasingly and voluntarily for the combined services of Southern Command. During the past year and a half she has produced and played in a show called "Bombshells" which has toured the country, appearing at even the smallest gun-sites. With Michael Kemble, Mrs. Laidler wrote the book of this new production of "Cinderella"

THE story comes from *Quotable Anecdotes*, collected by D. B. Knox:—  
The famous actor, Sothorn, passing an ironmonger's, and seeing a moony-looking young man behind the counter entered and said: "Have you got the second edition of *Macaulay's History of England*?"  
"No, sir, this is an ironmonger's."  
"Oh, never mind about the fly-leaf, that does no matter."  
"Yes, but we don't sell books here."  
"Oh, wrap it up in anything. The sort of thing you would give your own mother, you know."  
"I tell you we don't sell books," and here the man shouted into Sothorn's ear: "No books. Ironmonger's."  
"Thank you very much, I'll wait," and with a bland smile, Sothorn sauntered down. The shopman rushed into the inner office. Presently he returned with the proprietor.  
"What do you want?" asked the latter sternly.  
"I want a small file about so long," replied Sothorn quietly.  
"Certainly, sir," said his assistant with a mingled look of indignation and contempt.

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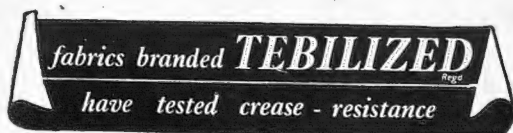


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# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Learning 'em How

ALL the chit-chat about the proposed new School of Aeronautical Sciences is stimulating. We do want to provide wider, longer, broader, thicker, and (probably) fatter facilities for aeronautical education but let us beware about regarding this education as the skeleton key that will unlock the world's finest aircraft design. There is more in it than that.

General education has made rapid progress in the past twenty years and now enables almost every one to write rude words in railway carriages. The new and extended scheme of education to which the Government is now committed will undoubtedly permit every one to write even ruder words in railway carriages and everybody will be happy. But there is a kind of knowledge which is not covered by education as it is now understood. It is the kind that is handed down by word of mouth, by precept and practice. The country lad is now an adept at scribbling but he does not know the difference between a horse and a hand saw. He has no country lore. He is a bungler and an incompetent at the task he will be expected to do.

In aviation we can derive some instruction from this trend. The men who built up our aeronautical knowledge, who gave us in 1939 the world's finest fighters in the Spitfire and the Hurricane, were not men who had been to expensive and elaborate schools of aeronautical sciences but they had lived in and for aviation and they had had handed down to them the laboriously accumulated experience of the pioneers. The pioneers of tomorrow instead of sowing in the minds of their pupils the enthusiasm with which they themselves were inspired must send them to school to learn how to understand an income tax form or, what is much worse, how to write one. One can foresee a country of word pushers. The rude mechanical of Shakespeare will vanish and everybody will be much too highly educated to be ready to demean himself to the extent of emptying the slops.

## Speed and Compressibility

I do seriously think that we should not belittle the part that is played by practical experience and hard use. I would expect a boy who lived on an aerodrome to be a better designer of aeroplanes than a boy who lived in a classroom and so it usually falls out. One famous company, for instance, which has produced a long line of highly successful fighters has none of the lavishly manned design staffs that are to be seen in America. It does not employ the astronomical numbers of draughtsmen which are there customarily nor has it so much elaborate and expensive testing plant. Yet this company was the first to have a fighter officially tested to exceed 200 miles an hour, then 300 miles an hour, and more recently 400 miles an hour. They have changed from wood to all-metal construction and, entering the realm of compressibility problems, they have managed to produce reasonable solutions without huge staffs and vast research establishments. None

of which means that there is not an advantage in large staffs and a big research establishment provided they are properly controlled and provided all work is rigorously tied down to practical problems and not permitted to branch off on abstract lines.

## Ideas Show

In 1914-18 exhibitions were held of captured enemy aircraft and were highly praised as a source of instruction and inspiration. This time it is difficult enough to obtain information about these machines and certainly no exhibition has been created. But there are subjects touching which exhibitions would be helpful. There is, for instance, the matter of the private aeroplane of the future. Great scope is offered



**Major Sir Thomas Frankland, Bt., 15/19th Hussars, is now on the staff of a Fighter Group Headquarters, outside whose mess this picture was taken. He was seconded for duties with the R.A.F. two years ago. He has always been a keen amateur pilot, and holds an A licence. His brother, the Hon. Roger Frankland, is also in the R.A.F., and is now senior controller at a R.A.F. Fighter sector**

in this field for ingeniousness and for novelty. An exhibition of models or even a competition for models might here be of the utmost value. It might stimulate thought and begin to bring together ideas which would eventually be useful in creating machines which would appeal to private owners.

In our preoccupation with the great air liners we ought not to forget that there will also be a market for small machines. Aviation makes the head of that is expected. One or two light communications aircraft have come out which are interesting and at least one of them is the kind of thing that would appeal to the private owner wanting to buy a really luxurious and expensive small aeroplane. But nothing has appeared which would have a chance of becoming the cheap family machine. This is where design, novelty and thought are needed, and an exhibition of models staged for say, two years hence might have the effect of making people look round for solutions to the many problems. The alternative would be the laying down of a provisional date for a future light aeroplane competition somewhat on the lines of the Lympne competitions which took place a few years after the end of the war of 1914-18.

## Coningham

THE announcement that Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham had been appointed to command Number 2 Tactical Air Force based on Britain was curiously long delayed.

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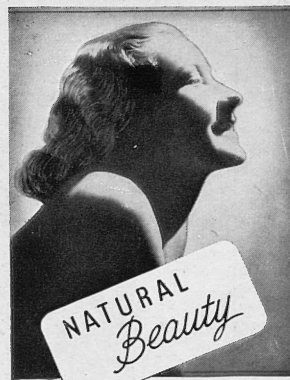
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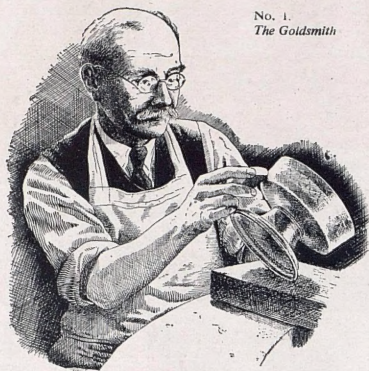
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